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BRIEF MENTION.

For a number of years I might have called myself 'parcus <Sophoclis> cultor et infrequens'. Perhaps I was a little tired of expounding the perfections of the son of Sophilos, the only dramatist I taught in my regular classes during my twenty years' service at the University of Virginia (A. J. P. XXXVII 383). I cannot say, as did the late Dr. Verrall, that in Sophokles there was no man to be discovered behind the artist, at least no man whom he (Verrall) would greatly care to know (A. J. P. XXXV 492). Indeed at one time I should have shewn a Tam o' Shanter readiness to sacrifice what no Greek wore for 'ae blink' of that 'bonnie burdie' as he led the choral dance in honour of the victory of Salamis: and at a much later day I manifested my sympathy with Sophokles, the aged, by giving the right interpretation to that famous dictum about love which Cicero either did not or would not understand (A. J. P. XXX 4). Sophokles, the artist, I have toiled after in translation; and in my Essays and Studies I have undertaken to vindicate the actuality of his dramaturgy by an analysis of the career of Maximilian of Mexico. But for a considerable part of my teaching of Sophokles, Sophokles meant Jebb (A. J. P. XVII 390) and Jebb is another piece of perfection that has kept me these many years discontented with the crudeness of my own workmanship (A. J. P. XXVI 491); and, to confess a human weakness, I was comforted when after the great Grecian had withdrawn his cool radiance from lesser stars and flaring bonfires I read that in the eyes of a writer in Blackwood's Magazine Jebb's translations were bald. Bald! But so are the mountains of Greece and so are the chrysolite Isles of Greece. Thasos was wooded in the old times, ὕλης ἀγρῆς ἐπιστεφής, but that was no recommendation in the eyes of Archilochos. Passing as I did once by a rather sudden transition from Greece to Heidelberg, I resented the lushness of the woodland scenery of Germany as one would resent hypertrichosis (A. J. P. XXXVII 108) on the face of a beautiful woman, not to cite the *Μοῦσα παιδική*.¹ To understand Jebb as to understand Sophokles demands study, demands insight and if from time to time I have tented holes in the great scholar's coat, it was only to assert the right of the humblest grammarian to in-

¹ A. J. P. XXXVIII 63.

dependent vision. I do not emulate the lint-picker of Jebb's Theophrastus (A. J. P. XXX 228). Neither σκορακισμός for the lowliest nor κροκνιδισμός for the highest. Bald! Well! δότε τῷ φαλακρῷ.

To come back to my temporary neglect of Sophokles. It is after all well to lay an old favorite aside for a while. 'Voluptates commendat rarior usus' is as true of intellectual enjoyments, is as true of the enjoyments that come from reading, as of those meant by Lucretius. But there are haunting verses, haunting melodies that linger in the least tenacious memory. I am a Grecian at least to the extent that I value poetry for life—not as 'a criticism of life'. μὴ γένοιτο. My friends accuse me of a wearisome repetition of σμικρὰ παλαιὰ σώματ' εὐνάζει ροπή to which I have not been ashamed to give a sporty¹ translation (A. J. P. XXXI 147). The prayer ξὺν ἀσφαδάστῳ καὶ ταχεῖ πηδήματι has been on my lips and in my heart ever since I entered into the penumbra of old age and heard of the exit of a comrade of my youth (A. J. P. XXII 114), though I have been tempted to substitute πεσήματι for πηδήματι, too violent an action for an old scholar. Then there are verses that make strange music in one's ear. Tastes differ—but I have long loved these lines of Deianeira

ὦ Ζεῦ, τὸν Οἴτης ἄτομον δὲ λειμῶν' ἔχεις,
ἔδωκας ἡμῖν ἀλλὰ σὺν χρόνῳ χαράν.

with their play of stress and accent. Nor is the sentiment alien. The sense arrides me as well as the sound. For so much has come to me late in life, among other things this 'riant nook' of *Brief Mention*.

Of those 'coups de fouet' that cut to the heart, Sophokles is a past master. He is no whit behind Aischylos. I think of Iokasta's ἄλυσ νοσοῦσ' ἐγὼ as I think of Kassandra's ἀρκεῖτω βίος. It is these dramatic μάστιγες, these stabs, as it were, that tell on the modern reader. χωρεῖ πρὸς ἡπαρ γενναία δῆν. As for the γνῶμαι, those wise saws, of which the practical Greeks were so fond, those bits of proverbial philosophy which orators like Aischines seemed to consider the be-all and end-all of poetry—we can find all we want in the monostichs that Kock bundled out of his Comiorum Atticorum Fragmenta, we can find a lot of them in Publilius Syrus. The old editions are apt to mark these floscules of sententiousness. Taubmann's Plautus, the

¹ For ῥέπειν in the field of 'sport', comp. Pind. O. 9, 98: δξυρεπεῖ δόλω.

first entire Plautus I ever owned, puts these admirable reflexions in majuscules—a capital arrangement for example hunters. ‘Pauvre prestre’, said Scaliger of Taubmann, ‘son Plaute ne sera pas grand cas’. Still it is better to fish in Taubmann than to cast one’s net at random in Lewis and Short, as some grammarians have done to their hurt.¹ Pindar has gnomes enough to stock a calendar but as has been urged and well urged, the dramatic situation must be studied and scholars should not imitate the good ladies who cite unthinkingly the strange woman of the Proverbs of Solomon. In a discourse by Viscount Bryce as President of the British Academy before the Great War got into full swing one reads these calmly philosophic words, which produce a strange effect when taken in connexion with the same eminent historian’s subsequent report on matters in Belgium.

Every one among us must sometimes have had cause to regret, when reading them years afterwards, words which he wrote in the heat of the moment. Time modifies our judgment as it cools our passions. Neither the friendships nor the enmities of nations can last forever. You remember how Ajax, in the drama of Sophokles, says that he has learnt

ὁ τ' ἐχθρὸς ἡμῖν ἐς τοσόνδ' ἐχθαρτέος,
ὥς καὶ φιλήσων αὐθις.

It is a stock quotation. In his Recollections Lord Morley refers to the sentiment a couple of times though he is vague as to the source. Of the wisdom of that sage reflexion, who is better aware than one who sang with heart and soul a song very popular in a section of our common country once known as the Confederate States,

You can never win us back
Never, never,
Though we perish in the track
Of our endeavor?

ὥς καὶ φιλήσων αὐθις.

But in the mouth of Ajax the lines just quoted have the tang of Sophoklean bitterness than which there is little more bitter in all literature.

Much has been written about Euripides as a *δικανικὸς ποιητής*. But no fifth century Attic poet was free from the sophistic influence that made itself felt in every department of life. Aischylos was not free from it, nor Sophokles any more than his contemporary Herodotos. The Kreon of the *Antigone* is an archsophist, as has been noted. He had the same creed as the

¹ A. J. P. XXXII 116.

Pangermanist of to-day, and to those who hate to give up the Germany of other days, there is a certain comfort in reading what Goethe said to Eckermann: 'Man sollte überhaupt nie eine Handlungsweise eine Staatstugend nennen, die gegen die Tugend im allgemeinen geht'. The passage is cited in the tenth edition of the Schneidewin-Nauck *Antigone*. It will doubtless disappear from post-bellum editions, if there will be any post-bellum editions of the *Antigone* or any post-bellum for some of us oldsters.

From the first emergence of the word *σοφιστής* we have to do with rhetoric, which may be called the official robe of the sophist. A later development is the quest of *ποικιλία*, a subject which has interested me for years, an interest which has left traces in the *Journal* (e. g. XVI 92 f. n.; XXIX 120; XXXV 231). The antithesis to *ποικιλία* is repetition (*παλλολογία*); not rhetorical anaphora but simple repetition without stress. The subject which I barely touched on in my *Pindar* (P. 1. 80; 9, 123) is taken up and expanded by Schroeder in his *Proleg.* II. 94. Repetition of this sort is common enough in Sophokles. It has nothing to do with the recurrent word, the so-called 'key word' (A. J. P. II 500; XII 94); nothing to do, for instance, with ἡ κακὴ φάτις which might be considered the motif of the *Ajax* (187-193) nor with the *φρονεῖν* (A. J. P. XXXVIII 337) recently discussed in the *Journal*. Variety for sheer variety's sake has been denounced by Pascal (A. J. P. XXIX 120) as foolery, and Johnson has been charged with it, often unjustly. We moderns are completely under the domination of the goddess *Ποικιλία* so that Campbell in treating of Repetition in Sophokles apologizes for what he calls 'accidental repetition'. 'Modern languages', he says, 'are more precise and exacting than the ancient . . . in not allowing the same word to be used twice, unless for special reasons, in the same passage. This requirement', he admits, 'runs counter to a natural proclivity, as all must be aware who have had occasion to correct a hastily written letter'. This mania for variation came in at a later period. Sophokles was too healthy to yield to what was originally artificial but has now become ingrained in all modern literature, and notably so in English style. Examples abound, but few are so frank as Mr. PATON in his translation of the *Anthology* VII 103:

καὶ βίωτος καθαρὸς σοφίας ἐπὶ θεῖον ἐκόσμη
αἰῶν' ἀστρέπτοις δόγμασι πειθόμενος.

He renders 'A pure pursuit of wisdom, obedient to their unswerving doctrines, adorned their divine lives'. 'Life', he

adds in a footnote, 'life is the Greek, but English will not bear the repetition'.

Well, we are all tarred with the same stick, sheep of the same fold. True, Sophokles, I fancy, would not have apologized for the repetition of *χρόνῳ* (El. 1292-3). A. J. P. XXXIV 106, line 11 from bottom, one reads: 'She too had caught the *music* and answered him in his own *music*'. But I am not to be credited with the second 'music' for I am an unhealthy modern. I had written 'measure' and my friend, Professor Manatt, who happened to be interested in the passage pointed out the repetition as one would point out a typographical error. I have made a number of additions to Professor Campbell's lists and intended to compare Sophokles' usage with that of modern masters but the subject is well worn¹ and besides, before parting with Sophokles, I wish to make a note or two on Mr. PEARSON's edition of the fragments of the poet.

Mr. PEARSON, as we all know, is well qualified for his task, which he took up in succession to Walter Headlam, and Mr. PEARSON is a keen grammarian (A. J. P. XXXII 361 foll.). The Hellenist readers of the Journal will doubtless remember his article On the use of *ὅταν* with causal implication (A. J. P. XXXIII 426-433) to which he has referred repeatedly in his commentary on the fragments. It would have been asking too much of a rival interpreter that he should have added a reference to my discussion of the matter, which to his mind was neither novel nor convincing (l. c. 469 foll.). But in these notes I shall steer clear of grammar.

In his note on Sophokles' *ΕΠΙΣ* p. 139 Mr. PEARSON records Welcker's strange blunder in confounding *Θέμυς*, the *πάρεδρος Διός* (Pind. O. 8, 22), nay, the *ἄλοχος Διός* (fr. 30) with *Θέτις* for whose hand Zeus and Poseidon were rivals (l. 8, 27). After such a lapse one almost forgives Bréal (A. J. P. XXXVII 112) for making Thetis a daughter of Zeus. Dindorf, as Mr.

¹ However, as I am reading this *Brief Mention* in its final form, I see that a correspondent of the London Times (Jan. 17) has rushed into print in order to convince Tennyson of sin for repeating, within short compass, the word 'land' in his *Lotus Eaters* and has in like manner impaled Matthew Arnold for repeating the word 'streams' in *Sohrab and Rustum*; and the subject is resumed by A. B. Cook in the same newspaper for Jan. 31.

PEARSON notes, makes the same mistake but he might have added that Dindorf cites a passage from Plato, R^{publ.} 2, 379 E which ought to have opened his eyes: οὐδὲ θεῶν ἔριν τε καὶ κρί-σιν διὰ Θέμιτός τε καὶ Διός and actually quotes the Θεομαχία. ἔριν was evidently too much for him and yet Mr. PEARSON has to say that Welcker opened a new epoch and that his book is as readable as it was when it was first printed. 'He was a great man' said Bolingbroke of Marlborough, 'and I have forgotten all his faults' (A. J. P. XXXIV 232). Otto Jahn compared Welcker's learning to the dust on a butterfly's wing. What if the dust got into his eyes sometimes? In the Educational Supplement to the London Weekly Times for November 8, 1917, there is a long article On the Significance of Howlers, the lesson being the folly of cramming children with proper names that have no real meaning for them. The significance of howlers in the case of professed scholars is far different. For one thing it is a lesson in the practice of ἐπιείκεια, an acquired virtue for most of us. The article is furnished with abundant and, of course, amusing illustrations, many of which can be capped by any one who has had dealings with printer's devil and ignorant copyist. Still where are the eyes of the proof-readers? In the ends of the earth? Hence the not infrequent lamentations of the Journal. Still there is some comfort to be had from some of the mistakes that cross the reader's path, such as Lesbian women for Lemnian women, strange bedfellows, and Cynic and Cyrenaic, which may be called a parallel. Flaxman's Parting of Nestor and Andromache set me off on an Imaginary Conversation after the pattern of Landor. If I had carried out my plan I should at least have avoided the confusion of Pindar with Simonides (A. J. P. XXXIV 238), and should not have quoted Ovid in a fifth century B. C. letter as he did in Pericles and Aspasia. But I would rather have written Rose Aylmer than a score of Greek Syntaxes, as I would rather have written A Shropshire Lad than edited Manilius. So readily does a man revert to his old loves.

No one who has had any experience in dealing with technical terms and processes in antiquity but has had occasion to get his knuckles rapped. My study of *examen* Pers. I 6, 7 is not a pleasant memory for me. Comp. Postgate, A. J. P. VI 462. And when it comes to ships and shipwrights, old salts and unvoyaged landlubbers alike are at odds, one can't say 'at sea'. I have a note on this apropos of Timotheos' Πέρσαι (A. J. P. XXIV 226). On Pindar N. 6. 57, Sir John Sandys has a long note about the meaning of πὰρ ποδί. The passage runs: τὸ δὲ πὰρ ποδὶ ναὸς ἐλίσσόμενον αἰεὶ κυμάτων | λέγεται παντὶ μάλιστα δονεῖν

θυμόν. As I have indicated (A. J. P. XXXVI 232) *δονεῖν* refers to seasickness, but the passage has been overlooked by Professor Rolfe in his article on that disagreeable disorder, not to repeat the word 'seasickness' (A. J. P. XXV 192-200). Every one who has been much at sea will recognize the propriety of the figure in his own case or that of others. In the same sphere my attention has been called to Mr. PEARSON'S note on Sophokles, frag. 143:

ὥς ναοφύλακες νυκτέρου ναυκληρίας
πλήκτροις ἀπευθύνουσιν οὐρίαν τρόπιν.

Does *ναυκληρία* mean 'voyage' or as Campbell contends 'ship'? In either case Mr. PEARSON maintains that there is a pleonasm against which one of my correspondents rightly protests. The *ναοφύλακες* are the ship-watch mentioned P. 4. 41, who doubtless took their turns at the rudder under the *κυβερνήτης*. *ναυκληρία* is the ship as Campbell maintains, *ναύκληρος* the master. PEARSON'S 'pleonasm' recalls the blunder of Grote who mixed up *ναύκληρος* and *κυβερνήτης* in his interpretation of the famous similitude in Plato's Republic VI 488 and made a mess of it.

Dean WEST has collected the testimonies of a cloud of witnesses to the *Value of the Classics* (Princeton University Press), testimonies borne by men who have no commercial, no professional interest in the maintenance of the traditional scheme of college studies. Appended to these impressive deliverances there is a formidable array of statistics drawn up in refutation of those other statistics that have been used only too effectively to stir up the pure minds of believers in Latin and Greek. My missionary days are long overpast and statistics have lost whatever charm they had for me even in the syntactical line, but the book will strengthen the feeble knees of those who are afraid that they will have to bow down themselves in the house of Rimmon. Among the usual topics the inevitable question of translation comes up repeatedly. One of the most quotable passages is by Justice HOLMES who says (p. 233): 'It seems to me that people who think that they are enjoying Euripides, for instance, in the charming translations that we know, probably are getting their pleasure from a modern atmosphere that is precisely what is not in the original.' This is the judicial way of expressing what John Jay Chapman means when sometime ago he dared to call Gilbert Murray an 'ignis fatuus'. A Hoosier writer of note, to whom Gilbert Murray and the son of Kleito are as one, tells of the 'wild songs of Euripides'. There are wood-notes in Euripides but one hesitates at 'wild'. And the same

author quotes with ecstasy, not the somewhat prosaic tag with which Euripides winds up five of his plays with a contemptuous fling, as it were, at the departing spectators, but the poetical vesture with which the interpreter has endued the ἐξόδιον:

Great treasure halls hath Zeus in heaven,
From whence to man strange dooms be given,
Past hope or fear.
And the end men looked for cometh not,
And a path is there where no man thought:
So hath it fallen here.

Fifty years ago in a spirit of mischief I called this passage a 'wretched tail-piece' (*Essays and Studies*, p. 194), and wrote a burlesque version, which has been quoted and misunderstood. Here is a variant:

A box of surprises hath Zeus in the skieses,¹
And much that is odd 's fulfilled by the gods;
That comes not about for which you look out;
That God doth effect what you don't expect:
And such was the end of this story.

Honour bright, which is closer to the original?

W. P. M.: *Horace and his Age: A Study in Historical Background*. By J. F. D'ALTON, Professor at St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. Longmans, Green & Co.: London and New York, 1917. Pp. xii+296. \$2.00 net. This is a study of the serious side of Horace, an attempt "to view him in the light of the various movements of his time, to recapture, as it were, the atmosphere in which he moved, to estimate a portion at least of the influences under which many of his thoughts were bodied forth." The special topics discussed are, his position in Roman politics, his religion and philosophy, his attitude toward various social problems and various popular beliefs, and his work as a literary critic. It is shown that Horace, as long as he continued to write, reflects, with a good deal of fidelity, the various phases of Roman Imperial policy, that his philosophic thought in the *Epistles* is predominantly Stoic, etc. The last chapter contains a very careful study of the development of drama at Rome. The whole book is well written, and well made.

¹ A meticulous writer, I always seek literary warrant for anything unusual. With 'skieses' compare 'treeses' in Addison's 'And the breezes fan the treeses | Full of blossoms bright and gay. (*The Guardian*, No. CXXIV.) 'Box of surprises' is a manner of equivalent for 'glory-hole', the name that ship-stewards give to their reserves of dainties, and so I have not been untrue to the ταμίας-motif of the original.

Another good book which should be promptly mentioned here is a very complete edition of the Eighth Book of Lucan's Civil War, by Professor J. P. POSTGATE, of the University of Liverpool (Cambridge: at the University Press, 1917. Pp. cxii + 146. 3s. net). The introduction treats of the last days of Pompey, with excursions on the route and chronology of his flight, and on various questions of ethnography and geography; there are twelve pages of critical apparatus, and a hundred pages of explanatory notes. The book is very carefully printed; one lonely flaw is the omission of the word *ius* in the quotation from Seneca, 642 n. The note on *lapsus*, 8, is not very clear.

R. V. D. M.: Three new volumes of Chartes et Diplômes relatifs à l'Histoire de France have lately appeared. Under the imprint 1914 is the *Recueil des Actes de Louis IV, Roi de France* (936-954) by the archivist and palaeographer M. PHILIPPE LAUER. The introduction (pp. i-lxxv) discusses the Royal Chancellory, the palaeographical minutiae of the MSS, and the matter of the invocation, preamble, subject-matter, and protocol. Pages 1-151 are taken up with the texts themselves and the index, and that is followed by 8 plates of MS facsimiles, monograms, and seals.

Professor H. FRANÇOIS DELABORDE issued in 1916 the first volume of his *Recueil des Actes de Philippe Auguste, Roi de France*, Tome I, Années du règne I à XV (1^{er} Nov. 1179-31 Oct. 1194) (pp. XL + 574), and M. ÉLIE BERGER published the posthumous work of M. LÉOPOLD DELISLE, *Recueil des Actes de Henri II, Roi d'Angleterre et Duc de Normandie, concernant les provinces françaises et les affaires de France*, Tome I (pp. VII + 587). These two large volumes are a continuation of the splendid series being published under the care and direction of L'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres.

In the Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres (Tome XL) there has also just appeared a short but valuable study by M. HENRI OMONT, under the title *Minoïde Mynas et ses missions en Orient* (1840-1855).

Under the auspices of the same academy there appeared in 1915, Tome V of the *Recueil des Historiens de la France*, entitled *Pouillés de la province de Trèves*, published by MM. AUGUSTE LONGNON and l'abbé VICTOR CARRIÈRE (pp. LXVIII + 600). This carefully edited volume contains lists of the benefices and their taxations, of the four dioceses of the ecclesiastical province of Trèves, namely, Metropolitan Trèves, Metz, Toul, and Verdun.